My Billy.

Your letter came today by the second post. It was a pity that your visit from Lytton was interrupted. What might not have happened? However you may have had an interesting Tuesday evening & anyhow you evidently had intimate passages with Pearsall. There is a suggestion that you should come here for a few days from Wells.

Should you find it in-
tolerable? I wont try to
persuade you to come for
fear you should - but
you can talk about it
when we meet at Bath.

Today was fine to the
great relief of the Bath
family. At about 5
the population of Seend
began to arrive - stiff
& melancholy in their best
clothes. They were gradually
forced into a huge tent
where I & about 40 others
poured out tea for them.
They ate & drank in an

astonishing way. Sackville
lady had about 6 cups of
tea & they ate till I thought
they'd burst. Then they
played games & danced
& at last they had God
save the King at 4 o'clock
& departed - After such
wild dissipation as you may
imagine we are all very
sleepy - just that I had
much of it for I retired
to Julian & sent the nurse
out to dance after I had
joined the ball with Clive.
Tomorrow. Thank God.
my studies will be in order
& I shall go there in peace.
I feel my brain rapidly
melting here. I wonder

if you will come to dinner on Wednesday if it will be more than you can stand. If you do come, don't come while my nurse has her holiday. Which will be from Friday next for a week. After that we shall still have a week here & perhaps you could come during that. I feel it rather criminal to ask you. But you need not accept. Poor little animal. I shall think of you with your hounds tomorrow. I hope you won't get left behind. Tell me if you had a proposal before you left London.

Yours Maisie.

T. PARSONS 3.2.73

1 Aug 1908

Clive House.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury. Saturday.

My Billy

I don't know why you haven't had a letter from me when you wrote on Friday, but I hope it came that night. I thought Adrian was going to tea with Saxon the day Lytton came to you - It's a pity he didn't & you Thursday evening doesn't sound very lively except to read & afterwards. But

(Letters to you he likes next your own I know his remarks to record? Yrs — V.W.)

1 Aug 1908

Clive House.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury. Saturday.

My Billy

I don't know why you haven't had a letter from me when you wrote on Friday, but I hope it came that night. I thought Adrian was going to tea with Saxon the day Lytton came to you - It's a pity he didn't & you Thursday evening doesn't sound very lively except to read & afterwards. But

Milton to you he likes next year when I hope his remarks to record? Yrs — V.W.

then its real success may
have been sacrificed to its
literary success. One never
knows. I suppose all
Sheep Knows all about
Olive. In fact every one
must. She sounds as in-
fluences as Dora.

I secured two small
children to sit to me to-
day & started work in
my studio - which is a
very nice large empty
room - with cool pale
blue green walls & quite

a good light. It makes a
much better studio than
the drawing room at
home & I am rather well
pleased with it, I see
it will make a considerable
difference to existence here.
I'm not sure that I
advise you to come here
even for one pleasure. You
certainly would not get
much enjoyment out of it,
& I don't believe we should
see much of you, as Lorna
would think she must
entertain you. & I think
you'd be deadly bored.
However we can talk of

it on Thursday: Will you
meet us outside the G.W.R.
station. I don't know if you
arrive there but I suppose
so. There is also a Midland
station. We shall arrive at
about 12-30 I believe. If
Winchester arrives first can
wait for the Stars.

How much do you think
of Julian? He's very attractive
of course & his eyes are
charming. He tells me he
much prefers Aunt Sole to
his Stars aunts as he thinks
she's older. He's getting quite
sunburnt & spends most of
his day in the garden which
is very good for him. He now
weighs 18 lbs exactly: easy for you
to remember: What will my

2 Aug 1908

Cleeve House

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury. Sunday.

My Billy

No letter from you today but I hardly expected one. I hold think your journey with your two friends will have taken up all your time yesterday. With luck I may hear from you tomorrow but there's this horrible Bank Holiday, which upsets matters.

We have spent a typical British Sunday, with

What Wells & H.G. had are. Will & I have just established ourselves. Yours ever H.G.

Cleeve House

2 Aug 1908

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury. Sunday.

My Billy

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We have spent a typical British Sunday, with

that Wells & Ethel had arr. 1.43 & how I find establishment visits you. Yours W.B.

an atmosphere of church & roast beef & cold supper. I had Julian on my hands this morning of course but he slept all the time. In fact he has become angelic in his behaviour. I have luckily secured a girl to help me with him when his nurse has her holiday, so that I shall only have to wash & feed him & shant have him on my hands all day. Which is a mercy. Thumps

are really infinitely better here this summer than they were last. In one thing it is fine instead - that awful cold uncomfortable walks believe of summer. Then the new library is a tolerably comfortable room to sit in with fairly well shaded lamps instead of the unbearable staring tawdry little schoolroom. Also I have not a baby within me. Thank God - & then I can work. Also we shall be here very long. & we altogether we keep pretty cheerful.

I believe the thing I find most trying is having ugly surroundings. It gradually becomes like hearing a piano played constantly out of tune & one doesn't know where to look. I retire to my looking glass for comfort & wish for Billy's fairy wand. But even that wouldn't be of much use for it would be so incongruous. I hope to God Julian will be beautiful. or at any rate harmonious & not a mass of clashing discords. At least he has pretty eyes & lashes so he can't be quite a failure. Clarissa must be lovely. I am anxious to know

(1908)

Cleeve House.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury. Aug 7th

My Baby
I am writing on my lap & therefore have to write in pencil as my husband blows me up so if I cover my dress with ink. He has promised to give me an indelible pencil but hasn't yet kept his word - My son likes kicking at my feet - very charming & attractive after a noisy afternoon. My letters to you this next week will

probably to tell it him
as I am now in charge.
But I believe you prefer
him to any other topic.

Yesterday requires me to
your images to do justice
to it. Clive & I walked
the garden last night &
sang your praises till
even you might have
blushed. Perhaps I'll tell
you what we said, or
more of it next time
we meet in Baker. unless
as I think likely Clive

meanwhile pours it forth to you in one of his 18th century epistles. Your sewing was the least part of it - so you can imagine what exaltation we achieved. Oh Billy. there's no doubt you are a wonderful little animal. an ape of the first degree.

I had a letter from Saxon this morning ending again "yours very affectionately" & again describing the scenery - Have you heard anything more interesting from Adrian

yet? I have only time for this very dull scrawl as I promised to let you have a letter tomorrow.
I wonder if Hilton Young has yet appeared in Wells as I fully expect him to - & how your harem progresses.
Oh dear. I feel so old & dull in comparison with your sprightly charms Billy. I trust Ship for Julian is grumbling for me & he also accounts for the incoherence of this letter.
Yr - VB

(8 Aug 1908)

Cleeve House.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury. Saturday.

My Billy.
I rather like writing to you in lead pencil for I reflect that it will fade & be illegible by Julian. Besides just having upset all his milk over my black silk evening dress (Clive doesn't know) I feel that the mixture wouldn't be improved by ink. It is very kind of me to write to you tonight, for I know that paper & Clive's best style &

Lytton's poems were sent
to me this morning. After
them bottles pour Dolphin
fresh from domesticities.
I have been trying to think
of a name for Cynthia.
Letting Ball family con-
versation float over my
head. Clive I believe has
suggested Belinda. I'm
not sure. As you know
I always mistrusted
Cynthia - Could you call
her Apricot? & then you
might stick to Geranium.

It really is a charming name - Apricot I mean - Penelope, Perdita, Chloe Euphrosyne - I shall think about it & let you have my opinion in time.

Poor old Helen sounds very bad. I feel that I ought to write to Dorothea too - but on the other hand if she deceases it might be better to write them. I doubt it - I shrunk frid enough for two letters. It sounds a melancholy end. all those solid middle-aged Stephens sitting round. I also remember that Helen addressed all her remarks to Shaf. & that is all that

in known of her.

Tonight Lorna put forth the alarming suggestion that she might be going to Bath next Saturday. She doesn't know that we propose to go then or that you will be there. If she does go then we should have to choose another day. But I hope she won't. You will want to know soon because of Manchester. So well try & get it decided. By the way if you order a ham for Manchester you had better order it cooked. It costs 1/- but most likely your people wouldn't be able to cook it they generally haven't anything large enough for a ham.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

I have no news & no letters
except one from Tandell who
is ill & may want work
if she can't go on at the
London Hospital - as all those
nurses seem to some or
later. However, that's all
I am very lazy. Julian
gives me just enough to
do to prevent me from doing
anything else. But I
leave him a great deal
to his hand-maiden who
wheels him about the
garden most of the day.
I expect your letter to

me today was a triumph of
literary art - wasn't it?
I am sorry to see that
contact with us does not
leave you in the state of
exaltation which has not
yet quite left us. It seems
only to make you rather
bitter - but I don't much
believe that. For you must
have enjoyed writing to me
didn't you Billy?

And [illegible] I keep
my husband's letters for me
to see or are they too private?

Yours
KB

T. PARSONS 3.2.73